

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



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SIXPENCE.

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THE DEFENDER OF KUT-EL-AMARA: MAJOR-GENERAL CHARLES VERE FERRARS TOWNSHEND, C.B., D.S.O.

Major-General Townshend, the gallant defender of Kut-el-Amara since his force fell back on that place on December 9, 1915, is fifty-four, and is heir-presumptive to the Marquessate of Townshend. He first won fame by the splendid courage and persistence with which he held Chitral Fort in 1895. He has been described as an earnest student

of Napoleon and the Napoleonic methods of waging war; as "a great master mind, cool and resourceful commander, and prompt and brilliant tactician"; and as "a national asset, as a born and studied soldier whom England cannot afford to lose." At the time of writing, the relief force is advancing steadily nearer to the besieged town.

## THE MIND AND THE HEART OF WAR.

TWENTY months of the war have gone, and we are just commencing to learn something about the beginning of it. We will not really learn the full story of the first weeks until well after the last days of the great European conflict, when the official histories are let loose in an enormous flood upon our desks; but already commentators have arisen and are arising, and from their sound books we are piecing together our large picture of the early events. Every book tells us something of what we already know, but practically every book also gives us something fresh in detail, viewpoint, or elucidation. Thus we are getting an estimate surer and truer as the publishing seasons go by.

Of the books quite notable in this respect is Lord Ernest Hamilton's "The First Seven Divisions" (Hurst and Blackett). It is concerned, of course, with the story of those Divisions of the Regular Army that came variously into the fighting, until, with the presence of the last Division, that most glorious 7th, the vast battle of Ypres was accomplished. The book is slight, the story not very full, but it is this which gives it its real value. It is as near as complete a record of the framework of battles as the careful student could hope to obtain. With the lucidity and sureness of immense care, the whole plan-work of first battles is worked out. The Divisions, the Brigades, and battalions are fitted into their places, and manoeuvred through the whole range of encounters with decision and smoothness. The tangle of battlefields is unravelled. With brilliant clarity the author shows where, how, and why each regiment fought and retired and advanced. For this quality alone the book will give sheer satisfaction and delight to those who still find the engagements of the first few months occasions for confusion. Particularly we are indebted to Lord Ernest Hamilton for the way he has strengthened our knowledge of what the Cavalry Brigades did. It seems to me that he has centred himself on the cavalry, but he has only done something that was rather necessary. The work of the cavalry, particularly in the great retreat and in the following advance, was fine, but much of it was hidden in the confusion of events. Lord Ernest Hamilton gives us the story of the squadrons in a connected and systematic fashion. A sound and useful book altogether, in which the deeds of the regiments and those of their heroes are soberly outlined. I disagree, however, with the author's suggestion that these superb Divisions have been neglected—"unflattered and unsung" is his opinion—by their countrymen. The public has been eager from the outset to learn all that was possible of the brave force, and a host of writers have, with the means in their power, done their best to put the stories of heroism before the country. The fact is obvious from the book: every fine act, personal or regimental, the author records is already well known to us, as well as a number he has not put down.

Lord Ernest Hamilton's book, indeed, should be read in conjunction with Mr. Frederic Coleman's "From Mons to Ypres" (Sampson Low, Marston). Lord Ernest's is the framework; Mr. Coleman's is the living flesh and blood. It is one of those books one cannot praise too highly. It has all the courage, humanity, laughter, doggedness, and humour that carried our troops through the black days of The Retreat, through The Advance, and to the staunch victory of Ypres. Mr. Coleman is an American who found it impossible to be neutral. He went to France as a volunteer motor-driver, was attached to various Staffs of the 2nd Army Corps, and finally settled down in the capacity of General de Lisle's accredited châneur during all the actions of the 2nd Cavalry Brigade. It is not merely a superb and nervous picture of the veering and febrile atmosphere of battle, with its fears, hopes, joys, muddles, and alarms; it is more than anything a book packed with indelible impressions of men and Generals, of battalions and stress, of life lived beyond the normal. And it is splendid, irresistible reading. Not a page is without a story, so human and real that hundreds will be appropriating and repeating the anecdotes this year and years onward: stories of Smith-Dorrien's unquenchable smile; of officers out to enhearten the men, only to find that it was the men who were cheering the officers; the little epic of Major Bridges, who with humour and a toy drum saved many broken men—these and many more are splendid. But no; it is quite impossible to quote: there are 316 pages, and they cannot all be put down. And then, the thing is to get it and quote yourself. A real book, a tingling book—one of the most absorbing of the war.

"Soldiers' Stories of the War," by Mr. Walter Wood (Chapman and Hall), is a real book also. The tales of the fighting are those of soldiers who themselves took part in the events described, and in the direct, homely impressions lies the real strength. Mr. Wood has arranged his chapters so that these personal narratives should tell from an intimate focus the whole story of the war from Mons to the British advance at Neuve Chapelle. The effect is swift, colloquial, vivid in its sense of intimacy, and intensely useful and satisfactory as recording the private soldier's outlook on the great events. Mr. Wood has been lucky also in his illustrator. That very sympathetic and capable artist, Mr. A. C. Michael, has provided a number of moving pictures for the book.

"In the Field" (Heinemann) contains the accumulated impressions of an officer of French Light Cavalry, Marcel Dupont. It is a record of staunchness and tenderness, and, to a certain extent, of introspection. It contains many quite unforgettable pictures: the impact of the officer's mind with the sound of war is one, for instance—and has a poignant and almost beautiful appeal. War came to him in the sound of guns, and from the troop-train that carried him to the front he heard in the silence of the wood the beat of it coming to him over the trees. The clear spirit of France, its eagerness to get to grips, its mental misery in retreat, its intense desire for service, its practicality, its dash, its excitements, and its tenacity, can all be realised in these pages set down so simply and naturally.

W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

## THE FRENCH RENASCENCE.

IT is not quite clear whether, in calling his new book, "The French Renascence" (Allen and Unwin) Dr. Charles Sarolea means an awakening of France since the war began, or an earlier national movement. The representative passage quoted on the wrapper denies that the war has awakened a "new" spirit in the French people, and says: "What we are daily observing in France is not something new, it is something very old and very familiar. It is the old heroism, the old vitality that are asserting themselves." But the title in itself suggests that a new spirit or re-birth began at some time or other in France. If this renascence is not one caused by the war, the question arises, when did it begin? For the answer the reader is left pretty much to his own conclusions, for, although the author gives a number of interesting essays on various great Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, he does not in any of them mark its commencement or trace its progress. The essays read like a miscellaneous collection of papers written at various times, apparently all before the war, and without any main thesis running through them. The situation seems to call for a preface, but no preface is given. The Introduction, which occupies the first 36 pages, is also an eloquent vindication and eulogy of France. This is the only section of the book which refers to the war, and is written in the light of recent events since it began. Instead of being called merely an introduction, this opening essay might certainly bear, by itself, the title given to the whole book. After the Introduction, the first essay deals with Montaigne, which might be taken to suggest that a renascence began, to quote the opening words, "in the year of Our Lord 1572." The next paper draws a very interesting comparison between Montaigne and Nietzsche, suggesting that the former was the "spiritual father" of the German philosopher. An essay on Pascal that follows opens thus: "The launching by Messrs. J. M. Dent and Sons of a French 'Everyman's Library' has been the sensational event of the publishing year." Perhaps this was the event which really marked the Renascence of France! Among other famous French personages of whom the author writes are: Mme. de Maintenon, Rousseau, Marie Antoinette, Mirabeau, Robespierre, Napoleon, Balzac, and Flaubert. Then we come to a group of living celebrities—Maeterlinck (who, though a Fleming, may be claimed for France by virtue of the language in which he writes), Professor Bergson, and M. Poincaré. The last-mentioned essay is in the nature of a "retrospective review," discussing "three volumes of the works of the new French President." It ends on a prophetic note: "M. Poincaré's Foreign Policy will be mainly a policy of resistance to the encroachments of Germany. We may expect a firm, though conciliatory, attitude in international affairs, and a strict adherence of France to the Triple Entente. And this vigorous Foreign Policy will increase Naval and Military expenditure. . . . For the next seven years all the available resources of France will be claimed by the exigencies of national defence." Prophetic, also, was the last essay, "The New France," written three years before the war: "English statesmanship realises that France is the keystone of Continental Europe, that she holds the balance of power, that any serious blow aimed at France would be indirectly aimed at England and at European civilisation, and that if it ever came to a European conflict, the decisive battles of England would have to be fought, not against France, as in the past, but in alliance with France and on French battlefields." The book is illustrated by eight portraits and a sketch of the Château of Montaigne, all of them drawn by W. H. Caffyn.

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## NEW NOVELS.

## "The Green Orchard."

"The Green Orchard" (Cassell) has an air of unreality about it that not all Mr. Andrew Soutar's application—and he works very hard—can dispel. The people lack the live touch, and they are galvanised into action; they do not move of themselves. Impossible to believe in the county family, not really county at all, that Fauvette marries into; impossible to believe that the boorish and thick-skinned Martin could turn into a worthy object for Fauvette's devotion. He was far more likely to revert to type. His father and mother were vulgar and detestable people, and his own lack of understanding at the beginning of the story was nothing if not fundamental. It will be seen that Mr. Soutar is not strong on the psychological side of fiction. This would not matter so much if his plot made amends; but it does not. It is a good plot for a fifteen thousand word story—for a full-dress novel, no. Perhaps "The Green Orchard" has been written since the war. The writing of popular fiction in the present time is weary work indeed. Credit attaches to those who successfully achieve it; but honour also to those who can find no sure harbour of refuge in their imaginations from the storm that is beating upon a real world.

## "Behind the Curtain."

This is the play behind the play—Curtain." Pemberton says, nowadays we have a great curiosity about the people of the play. (Why "nowadays"? It is not a new development, we think.) He has been moved, seeing how much attention has been focussed upon the stars, to write a book of sketches concerned with the lesser lights. The chief episodes of "Behind the Curtain" (Evelyn Nash) have been gathered during a three-years' close association with the variety theatre. "They are woven into a theme which is frankly fictional, but their veracity is known to the author." The description is Mr. Pemberton's, not ours. He is out to establish a fact that has been rather obscured by the lurid exceptions—the fact that the life of the average chorus-girl is rarely a romantic or a highly coloured article. This is as much as to say that chorus-girls are, after all, only human. It is quite a good, sound fact to set upon its feet, and his charitable purpose should be acknowledged with gratefulness by those concerned. The impression "Behind the Curtain" has left upon us is that where the chorus-girl's life fails to be romantic, it does not excite anything more than the mildest interest.

## "Chapel."

Chapel was a man—and a family. Who would have thought it? It is a misleading title. We thought we were to meet a Welsh Nonconformist community in Mr. Miles Lewis's story; but religion, church or chapel, does not come into it at all. The Chapels had been people of position, and had dwindled to obscurity. The mother of Griff, a woman of a humbler stock, appears and disappears in the first chapter. Hereafter, we have Josiah Chapel in failure and in success, and Griff profiting by his father's firm resolve that, at any cost, the Chapels must be re-established on their ancestral acres. Josiah went through many vicissitudes before he made good as a rich man and was able to realise his life-long ambition. He and his son fell out, and were reconciled. This is the story, that wanders, stumbling a little here and there as Mr. Lewis wavers in his hold upon it. The chief attraction of the book is its Welsh atmosphere, significant in its unconscious charm. "Chapel" (Heinemann) appears to be a first novel, and we wish it success.

## "The Crimson Field."

Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe, who can write a mediæval tale without too much "tushery," has done very well in "The Crimson Field" (Ward, Lock), which is a fine fighting story of the century of Flodden. He sees it from the side of the Yorkshire men, a pleasant change from the supremacy claimed and exercised by the Scots novelist since the days of Sir Walter. There is, of course, a love-interest, and there is a moving vision of James, and through the chapters runs the free spirit of the dalesmen—most stubborn of Englishmen. The women are, we cannot help feeling, little more than light relief to his picture of the fighting men. The real business of the book is to press on to the last chapters of the mighty battle on Flodden Field, to hear the clash of spears, and see the men who fought in stocking feet; to watch Stanley under his banner of St. Audrey, and to follow the long sway and eddy, thrust and counter-thrust, while the moon climbed high into the sky. In the end, the silent dead left to their glory, Mr. Sutcliffe gives us "God's Fool" weaving the song by which they shall be remembered so long as their native tongue endures.

There'll be no mail lifting at the ewe-milking,  
The flowers of the forest are a' waed awa'.

## "Prudence of the Parsonage."

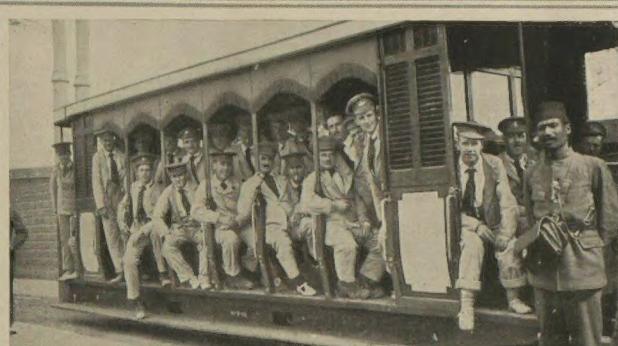
"Prudence of the Parsonage" (Evelyn Nash) is an American tale. It has a religious tone; but fortunately just falls short of being goody-goody, though there is enough piety about it to show that the school of "The Wide, Wide World" is not altogether extinct in the New England States. The parsonage was Methodist, and it was well filled by a widower clergyman and his long string of girl children. The story relates how the parsonage girls had hearts of gold, but were human withal; how Prudence made mistakes, and mended them; how the tomboys tore their clothes, and the slap-dash, child-bred accidents, and how their misadventures ended happily, with Prudence's love-affair adjusted to the satisfaction of all concerned. The village ladies who came to criticise remained to approve, and the young things established themselves in the good graces of the local leaders of society by their sincerity and their innocent conviction of the prevalence of Christian goodwill. It will be seen that Miss Ethel Hueston, herself a daughter of the parsonage, has aimed at writing a simple story of simple people, with probably the deeper intention included of showing the practical working of Methodism in the family. She has succeeded very well in these things, and she has made a wholesome little book for the amusement of young people.

## A SOLDIER'S PARADISE: GALLIPOLI HEROES RECUPERATING IN EGYPT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RECORD PRESS.



AN ENJOYABLE TRIP ON THE NILE: CONVALESCENT SOLDIERS, WITH THEIR NURSES, TAKING AN AIRING ON THE RIVER IN A NILE VESSEL.



THANKS TO THE GENEROSITY OF THE CAIRO LADIES: WOUNDED MEN ENJOYING A FREE RIDE ON A CAIRO TRAM THROUGH THE STREETS AND BAZAARS.



AN OUTING ON CAMEL-BACK FOR THE NEARLY RECOVERED: A BENEFICENT USE TO WHICH THE AUTHORITIES AT CAIRO PUT SOME OF THEIR NUMEROUS CAMELS.



WITH THE COMPLETELY EQUIPPED AUSTRALIAN FORCES WHO ARE ASSISTING TO GUARD EGYPT: ONE OF THE FIELD-KITCHEN COOKERS WITH ITS STAFF, IN CAMP.



ARTILLERYMEN WHO KNOW HOW TO SHOOT STRAIGHT AND HIT HARD: AN AUSTRALIAN FIELD-GUN DETACHMENT AT ONE OF THE FRONTIER DESERT CAMPS.

No convalescent soldiers anywhere, it is surely safe to say, can be having a better time than are our men in Egypt, not a few of whom are wounded, who are regaining health and strength after the Gallipoli campaign. At Cairo, in particular, nothing is being left undone on their behalf by the hospital and military authorities, and also by private beneficence on the part of the residents in Egypt—British, French, and Italian, and many wealthy natives. As seen above, some of the convalescent soldiers are taken for the most pleasurable form of entertainment on river-trips in native sailing-craft, while others

go for daily tram-rides to see the street and bazaar sights of Cairo, the rides being provided for by the "Outing Fund" maintained by Cairo ladies, which also procures the soldiers free admission to the Cairo Cinema Theatre, a boon the men specially enjoy. The authorities also, just as the hospitals in India send out their convalescents for evening elephant rides, provide camels to take those who can stand the somewhat jerky movements of their mounts through the beautiful tree-lined roads of the European residential quarters of Cairo.

## OUR ARTILLERY'S REPLY TO "JACK JOHNSONS":

DRAWN BY A. FORESTER FROM A

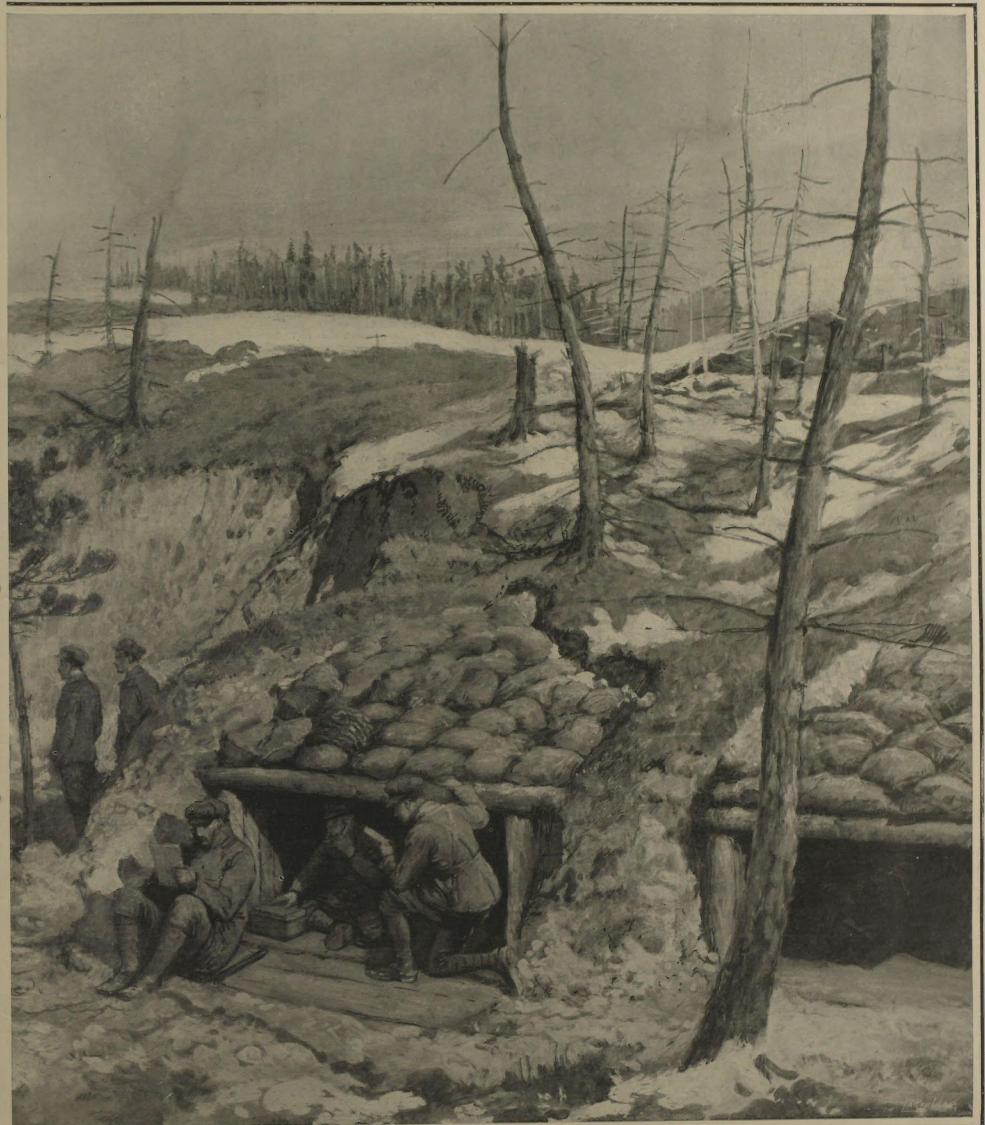


BRITISH ARTILLERY AND AIRCRAFT IN CO-OPERATION AT THE FRONT "SOMEWHERE" IN AEROPLANE SETS OUT TO

Conditions have changed considerably since the beginning of the war in the relative strength of the British and German artillery. The enemy can no longer boast the preponderance of gun-power with which he began, and our forces now have the advantage both in the number and power of their guns. The above drawing, made from an officer's sketch, shows many interesting details of a British heavy howitzer battery in action, which we are authorised to describe from the officer's notes. The guns have a range of 12,000 yards (nearly 7 miles). When being moved they are hauled by "caterpillar" tractors. That on the left in the background is shown laid ready for fire, pointing upward at an angle to allow the shell to clear the tops of the trees. That in the middle is being loaded, some of the men performing the operation known as "jamming home" the shell, while others are standing by with hand-spikes for helping to lay the

## HEAVY HOWITZERS IN ACTION IN FRANCE.

SKETCH BY A BRITISH OFFICER.



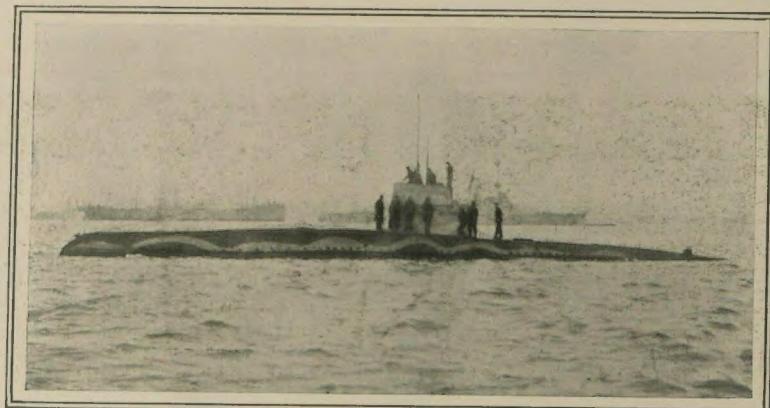
FRANCE: A HEAVY HOWITZER BATTERY PREPARING TO SHELL THE ENEMY WHILE AN OBSERVER THE RESULTS.

gun. On the extreme left of the group (standing just off the platform) is the officer in charge. Attached to the gun-carriage is a small crane for lifting the charge into the "lead" position. The gun stands on a wooden platform. Behind and under the wheels, which are of tractor-type, are ramps to check the recoil. Over the guns are arranged saplings to conceal them from enemy aircraft, and when not in use they are covered with tarpaulins. The hillside has been scarped away to make a more effective protection for the guns. The pine trees on the near side are mostly shattered and withered. On the right in the foreground are dug-outs for ammunition, telephone, and shelters. In the one next to the gun a field-telephone is seen in use, an officer reading a message just coming in. In the sky is a British scouting biplane setting forth to spot where the shells fall.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada]

## THE CAMERA AS WAR-CORRESPONDENT: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



*Photo, Central Press.*  
THE AIR-RAID ON CONSTANTINOPLE :  
SQUAD. - COMM'R. SMYTH-PIGOTT.



WITH PAINTED WAVE-MARKS ON ITS SIDE, TO DECEIVE OBSERVERS AS TO ITS SPEED :  
A GERMAN SUBMARINE OF THE LATEST TYPE.



*Photo, Central Press.*  
LEADER OF THE KUT RELIEF FORCE :  
GENERAL SIR G. GORRINGE.



ONE OF OUR ZEPPELIN PRISONERS :  
A LEADING MECHANIC OF THE "L 15."



SECOND IN COMMAND OF THE CAPTURED  
"L 15" : OBER-LEUTNANT KUHNE.



THE "L 15'S" COMMANDER : CAPTAIN  
BREITHAUP, WEARING THE IRON CROSS.



A PRISONER TAKEN ON ZEPPELIN "L 15" :  
A NAVIGATING WARRANT OFFICER.

When the Zeppelin "L 15" was captured after falling into the Thames estuary in the early hours of April 1, two officers and fifteen men were taken prisoners on her. The total crew had been eighteen, but one man was drowned when the airship fell into the water. The prisoners were taken to Chatham, where their commander said: "I take all the responsibility on myself; my men are not responsible." He is also reported to have said: "You must not suppose that we set out to kill women and children."

WE HAVE HIGHER MILITARY AIDS... Such things happen accidentally in war." The second officer, Ober-Leutnant Kuhne, visited England before the war, and speaks English well. So does the warrant officer shown in the right-hand photograph above, who has visited America. In the House of Commons recently it was stated that the "L 15's" officers and crew were regarded and treated precisely as other prisoners of war.—[Official Photographs issued by the Press Bureau.]



A RUSSIAN GIFT TO FRANCE : A NEW INSTALLATION FOR SHOWER-BATHS  
AND DISINFECTION FOR THE TROOPS.

There was recently opened, somewhere in France, a fine new establishment for shower-baths and disinfection purposes for the use of French troops, which has been presented by the Russian Government.



WEARING THEIR SPECIAL OVER-ALLS : THE PERSONNEL OF THE RUSSIAN SHOWER-BATH  
AND DISINFECTING INSTALLATION IN FRANCE.

It was organised by Colonel Dsoubichine, Director of the Russian ambulances. The opening ceremony was performed by M. Justin Godart, in the presence of Mme. Isvolsky.—[Photographs by Rol.]

## PILING UP MUNITIONS IN ITALY: SCENES IN ITALIAN SHELL-FACTORIES.

CENTRE DRAWING BY CESARE FRATINO.



ITALY ORGANISING VICTORY IN HER MUNITION-WORKS: STACKS OF SHELL-CASES IN A FINISHING-SHOP AT A SHELL-FACTORY.



MEN WHO SUPPLY ITALY'S WONDERFUL ARTILLERY WITH ITS AMMUNITION: WORKING LATHESES IN AN ITALIAN SHELL-FACTORY.



THE HEAT OF THE FURNACE THAT PRECEDES THE HEAT OF BATTLE: ITALIAN MUNITION-WORKERS AT THEIR STRENUOUS TASK OF MAKING SHELLS FOR THE GUNS.

LIKE all the belligerent countries, Italy has made great efforts to organise to the full her resources for the making of munitions. The Italian Under-Secretary for Munitions, General Dall'Olio, whose position corresponds to that of Mr. Lloyd George in this country and of M. Albert Thomas in France, attended the great Conference of the Allies in Paris, where plans were concerted for co-ordinating the production of guns and munitions by all the Allied nations, as well as for unifying their military strategy in the field. In this connection it may not be out of place to recall part of one of Mr. Asquith's speeches during his recent visit

*[Continued opposite.]*

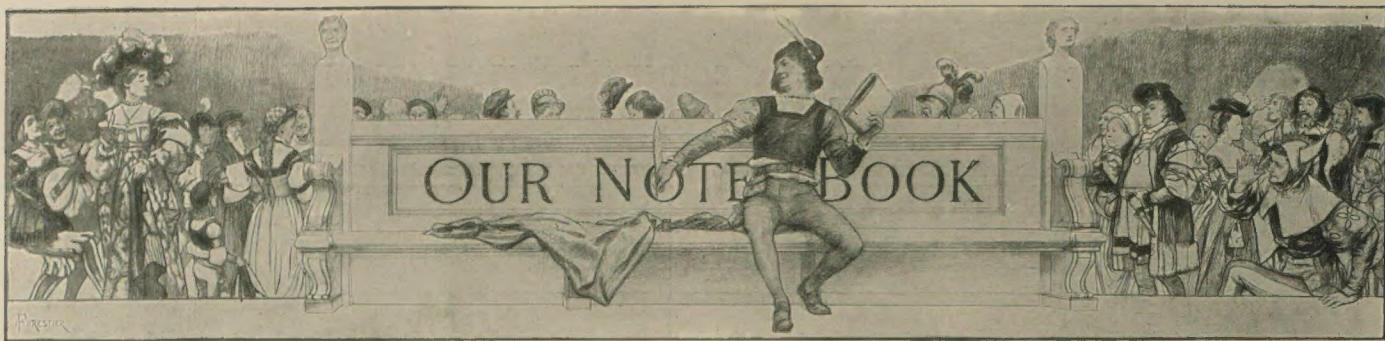
THE FINAL PROCESS IN THE MAKING OF SHELLS: A HYDRAULIC TESTING-APPARATUS IN AN ITALIAN MUNITION-WORKS.

*Continued.]*  
to Rome. At a luncheon given in his honour by Signor Salandra, the Italian Premier, at the Hotel Excelsior, after dwelling on the close friendship between Great Britain and Italy, he went on to say: "This is not a war which can be won merely by increasing the number of combatants and by accumulating munitions. It necessitates organisation, co-operation, and the properly considered concentration of all the different resources of the Allies. We must work, therefore, in common accord, not only on the field of battle and on the sea, not only in the air and under the water, but in the important fields of industry, of means of communication and of

*[Continued below.]*

*Continued.]* finance." To bring about such co-operation had been the object of the Paris Conference held about a week before, when the first sitting, on March 27, was devoted to military matters, including questions relating to arms and munitions. Earlier still, in February, much was done towards the same end by the visit to Italy of the French Premier and Minister of Munitions, M. Briand and M. Albert Thomas, who reached Rome on February 10. They were accompanied by military experts, and conferences were held with General Dall'Olio. M. Thomas was reported to have said, in an interview: "In order to develop their material strength the Allies exchange guns and munitions. Let

them also exchange their hopes and their faith, and thus increase also their moral strength." Later, he was reported to have said at Rome that most satisfactory arrangements had been arrived at regarding the provision of war material. Though he could not, of course, give details, the basis of the agreement was—"exchange of raw materials, exchange of munitions, and division of labour according to the particular resources of each country." On the return journey M. Thomas and General Dumesnil left the train at Milan and thence travelled to Genoa in order to discuss further the question of munitions with the Italian authorities.—*[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]*



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

SPEECHES and debates in the Reichstag are not the things that want watching if we want to watch Germany. That assembly has never been an organ of government, but at the best an outlet of grievances; and to-day representative bodies are everywhere almost anything but representative. They have become quite as stiff with etiquette as Royal Courts. Almost anything that is really in reason is sure to be out of order. The asides are generally the most responsible utterances; and after the asides one or two casual phrases that pass without comment. It is in the light of these brilliant flashes of unconsciousness that we should read the self-conscious set speeches of the leading statesmen. And if, for example, we wish really to understand speeches like those of the Imperial Chancellor and the German Minister of War, we shall find it convenient to preface them by a note on another and quite inconspicuous speech. Some time before these Ministers spoke, a member of the Reichstag made, quite incidentally, a curious and illuminating remark. He was referring, I think, to Liebknecht's charge of immoralism in the treatment of Belgium, and he said something like this: "That is a degree of objectivity which I, as a Prussian, cannot entertain."

Now, that finds expression for the Prussian spirit better than a book, and better even than a massacre. It is not enough to smile at the strange professorial solemnity of calling a thing "objectivity" which common Christian people have been in the habit of calling the truth. We have, in the light of it, to allow for a certain assumption, tacitly adopted by nearly everybody talking in the Reichstag, or even in the Empire. The German does really regard it as his business to think more of the world he is supposed to be making than of the world that God has made. Self-satisfaction, and even self-deception, is for him not a pleasure, but a duty. He must be the hero of the story, even if he can only do it by being the villain of the story. He must be what he calls subjective; he must colour everything before he considers it. He must be the subject of every sentence, and govern the visible world as a noun governs a verb. What he dislikes to realise for a moment is that he is an object—that he is, not to put too fine a point on it, a deplorable object.

Most of the remarks made by these Prussian politicians are of a kind which can confidently be left to the judgment of any reasonable person, neutral or even pro-German. They are arguments which could be turned any way without producing any result. How can we, for instance, take seriously the question of the German Chancellor: "Who that sees the valour of our soldiers can believe that they are fighting for mere aggrandisement?" I believe that England is fighting in a just cause; but if Mr. Asquith were to say that the courage of the assault at Neuve Chapelle proved he had gone in on behalf of Belgium, I should imagine that he was out of his wits. How can we take seriously the remark of the German Minister of war, that anyone can see by looking at the map that Germany is victorious? My knowledge of military matters is exceedingly rudimentary, and I do not for a moment claim to know more about war than the German War Minister knows. But I will cheerfully claim to know more about war than the German War Minister seems to expect his hearers to know. Mere positions on the map do not mean anything without reference to numbers, to communications, to reserves,

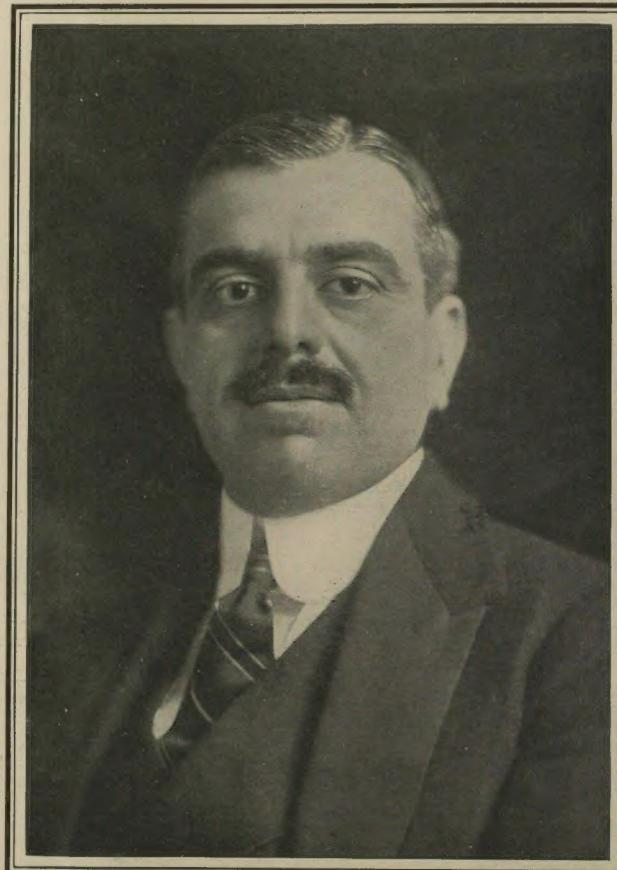
to obstacles, and to avenues of approach. The mere fact that the Germans are standing on the Aisne and not on the Rhine no more shows that they are winning than the fact that they are standing on the Aisne and not on the Seine necessarily shows that they are losing. The simple minimum of certainty, which we can ask any impartial person to admit, is that they are losing in so far as they are losing great numbers, and that they are not winning in so far as they are not winning great victories. I think myself that their whole army is struck mortally and bleeding to death; but this other statement I have given is not what I think, but what nobody can possibly help thinking. Now, it is exactly in this power of distinguishing

trivial objectivity so far as to admit that there ever were any wars before, but he certainly might as well say there have never been any battles as say there have never been any blockades. If we pass over the last historic triumph of the Germans themselves, which was achieved by starving a great city, the next great war before it, the American Civil War, was settled by the sweeping stoppage of food imports; and the man who did it, whose name was Abraham Lincoln, has not left the reputation of a Nero or a Herod. An equally strange fruit of historical study may be found in the Chancellor's statement that Russia is threatening Europe with the fate of Poland. Our coarse objectivity may here, perhaps, move us to inquire what was the fate of Poland. Poland was, at Prussia's particular and urgent request, divided between herself, Austria, and Russia, the other parties, and especially Austria, being comparatively reluctant in the matter. Mere logic would therefore lead us to suppose that Russia is now trying to give two-thirds of Europe to her two principal enemies, keeping only a third for herself, which goes rather beyond Russia's really high record for unselfishness in foreign policy. Mere history happens to record that Prussia has not only always kept up the persecution of Prussian Poles, but has always gratuitously interfered to urge Russia to the persecution of Russian Poles. It is not merely the pot calling the kettle black; but the tar-brush reproaching the tarred fence for its blackness. But neither logic nor history, nor even the ordinary use of human language, is anything to the Subjective Mind.

The truth is that, in reading orations like the Chancellor's, I feel as if I were eavesdropping. These things are not meant for us. Most of them the Chancellor means for his countrymen; and some of them, I think, the Chancellor means merely for himself. He is being subjective; and trying to forget what sort of object he is. The Prussian really thinks it good exercise to work himself up into a psychological intoxication, a towering passion of self-approval, at which boiling-point, so to speak, he can give off the fumes of confidence for the intoxication of others. Perhaps it is not just literary criticism to judge as a speech, or even to judge as a poem, something that is really rather in the nature of an incantation. For the Prussian in political history is primarily almost as little the soldier as he is the saint. What he is primarily or approximately is the wizard—or, in a more modern language, the hypnotist. And he is a hypnotist whose power over his subject is slipping. It is exactly at such a moment that his self-assertion must become most violent. It is of the essence of every kind of bluff, and not least of mystical bluff, that it must be more confident till it actually breaks down. The bankrupt may be wildly extravagant; the one thing the bankrupt dare not be is economical. The Prussian egoist cannot lower his claim.

He cannot spoil his credit with a breath of common-sense, or the most distant rumour of his being a reasonable person. The hypnotist must be omnipotent if he is not to be impotent. Hence the wild repetition of mere words of power—or rather, poly-syllables of omnipotence—rolled like ponderous rocks upon the people: phrases like "the hammer blows of a strong and unconquerable people, repeated until its adversaries are weary," "strong blows on the battlefield," "a spectacle of gigantic historical greatness." One can almost feel the bold slipping; one can almost see the eyes of the mesmerist standing out of his head.

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SPECIALLY HONoured BY THE KING-EMPEROR: H.H. AGA SULTAN SIR MAHOMED SHAH, AGA KHAN, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.

His Majesty the King-Emperor has gratified millions of Islamiah Moslems throughout the Empire by the grant of a salute of eleven guns and the rank and status of a First-Class Chief of the Bombay Presidency for life to the Aga Khan, whose portrait we give. Millions of Islamiah Moslems in India, on its frontiers, elsewhere in Asia, and in parts of Africa, owe him spiritual allegiance, and he has rendered very valuable services to the Empire during the War. His Highness directed his adherents to place their resources to the fullest extent at the disposal of the British authorities, and on reaching this country offered Lord Kitchener to serve as a private, in a British or Indian regiment.

Photograph by Vandyk.

between an opinion and an object that the Prussian thinker seems to be not only deficient, but deliberately deficient. He not only fails to recognise, but refuses to recognise, that there is any difference at all between what he knows and what he thinks, or between what he thinks and what he wants to think. Some of the remarks made by these orators are manifestly not meant to be true—or perhaps I should say "objective." What are we to say, for instance, of this statement about the blockade: "Never before has any war been extended so criminally against women and children as it is now done by England." I do not know whether the War Minister will condescend to our

## “UNHEALTHY”: TIMBER ROADS IN THE FRENCH LINES NEAR VERDUN.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



WHEN THE ENEMY WERE SHELLING THE PLACE, TWO FRENCH SOLDIERS CALMLY PURSUING THEIR WAY ALONG A LOG-TRACK THROUGH A SHELL-TORN VALLEY NEAR VERDUN.

In wooded places, and wherever the ground is apt to become swampy in wet weather, the French have laid down behind their lines numerous tracks made of lengths of timber placed transversely, thus forming paths along which men can pass comparatively dry-shod. Similar tracks, it may be remembered, were constructed by the British troops in Ploegsteert (Plug Street) Wood and elsewhere. In the case here illustrated, it will be noticed, the tracks are provided with a hand-rail at one side, doubtless for facilitating

movements at night. The Germans were shelling the valley at the time the photograph was taken, and shells may be seen bursting at the top of the hill. The shattered trees and the numerous shell-craters with which the ground is pitted indicate that it is by no means a “healthy” spot to traverse in the open. Yet the two French soldiers seen on the left-hand pathway are proceeding on their mission of duty with as much unconcern as if they were out for a walk in the country in time of peace.



DEFENDING AT BURGERS TRESPASSING ON THEIR GROUND: STUDENTS OUT OF SCHOOL (16TH CENTURY).

## SCIENCE &amp; NATURAL HISTORY



UNIVERSITY LIFE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: A DOCTOR RECEIVING THE SIGNS OF HIS DEGREE.



LEARNING UNDER DIFFICULTIES IN A CLOISTER OF A CATHEDRAL: STUDENTS IN SCHOOL (15TH CENTURY).

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

## FUR-FARMING AFTER THE WAR.

THAT a large number of our countrymen, now in the fighting line, will find it impossible to return to the dull routine and close confinement of city life is almost certain, and most of these will probably seek the freedom they desire in some form of farming. Such as have come back to us maimed by the jaws of Death may well try fur-farming in Canada, or even in Scotland. That there is a great future for such an industry there can be no doubt, for the sources of supply derived from wild-killed animals are in many cases within a measurable distance of extinction, owing in part to the demands of the trade, and in part to the rapidly diminishing area of virgin country.

Evidence gained during recent years from careful experiments in Canada shows that the species most

the Arctic fox (*Vulpes alopecoides*). Normally brown in summer and white in winter, some individuals throughout the year are dark-coloured—of a dark brown during the summer, and of a slate or French-grey during the winter, when the typical Arctic fox is pure white. This difference in coloration

of meat and fish, salted for this purpose during the summer, though before being given to the animals the salt is removed by soaking in fresh water. Here all white foxes are rigorously slaughtered as being of relatively small commercial value. Nevertheless, there is a good market for such skins.

In Canada blue foxes are bred under entirely artificial conditions, since they are kept in small pens erected in an area thickly planted with trees. The silver fox is now reared in some numbers in Alaska, by crossing the red and black geographical races, or sub-species, of the common North American red fox. The foundation of a breeding stock is, whenever possible, based upon the red fox of Prince Edward Island (*Vulpes rubricosa*) crossed with one of the dark races, such as *Vulpes abietorum* of the North-West Territories and British Columbia. The smallest pens used by the best ranchers enclose



SHOWING THE RELATIVELY SHORT EARS AND MUZZLE: A BLUE FOX CUB.

The relatively short ears and muzzle are characteristic of the Arctic fox as compared with the very distinct common fox.

Four Copyright Photographs by M. Haviland.

is not to be attributed to climatic conditions, since both blue and white foxes may occur in the same litter, and blue and white foxes have been found mated together. In Iceland, apparently, only the blue variety occurs, and the blue variety seems to be the dominant form in Siberia. The accompanying photographs, taken by Miss Maud Haviland during her stay at Golchika on the Yenesei during 1914, give an excellent idea of the appearance of the cub of this animal amid their natural surroundings. The skins of wild-killed animals fetch, on the spot, as much as 100 roubles (£10), whereas those of the typical white form realise no more than 30 roubles (£3). In the Pribilof Islands these animals are farmed under ideal conditions, for, being insulated, no

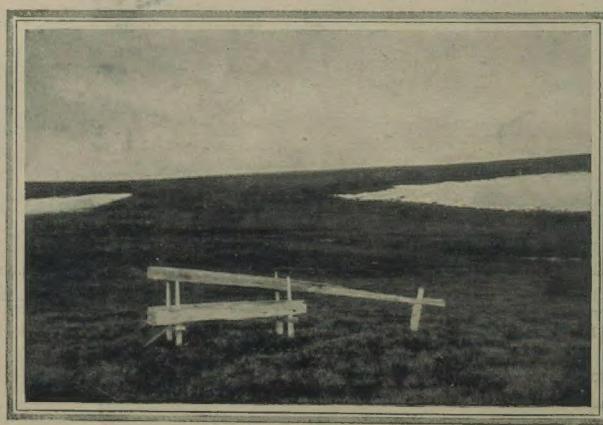


IN ITS NATURAL SURROUNDINGS: A BLUE FOX CUB.

an area of at least 900 square feet, but the usual size of a pen has an area of, say, 25 feet by 50 feet, wire netting forming the boundaries. In the autumn of 1912 at least 50,000 dollars was required to build, equip, and stock a ranch in Prince Edward Island with five pairs of first-class stock. Yet large fortunes have been made by the sale alone of breeding stock, as may be gathered from the fact that a pair was sold in 1912 for 20,000 dollars. The range of prices obtained for skins of these animals thus bred is considerable, the lowest-priced skins starting at 50 dollars, the highest at 4000 dollars.

Where it is possible to devote a large estate to the production of furs a number of different animals could be kept; but in any case this form of farming must be carried on only in northern latitudes with at least a moderately severe winter to produce the necessary quality of fur. Beaver, otter, fox, and mink, for example, could well be bred on the same estate. But those who propose to venture into this field must be prepared to conduct their operations on strictly scientific lines, and with the most careful regard to the habits of the animals in a wild state. Unless the yoke of captivity be made to rest lightly, failure must inevitably follow.

W. P. PYCRAFT.



USED ON THE YENESEI: A TRAP FOR CATCHING BLUE FOXES.

This trap is formed of a beam so held in position over a trough that when the bait, a piece of fish, is touched the beam falls and kills the victim. The trough-like formation of the trap prevents damage to the skin by the fall of the beam.

fencing is needed, and much of their food they obtain from the seal-meat left by the sealers. This is supplemented during the winter months by supplies

## IN A FAIRYLAND OF NATURE: WAR IN THE PEACEFUL VOSGES.

FROM A FRENCH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS.



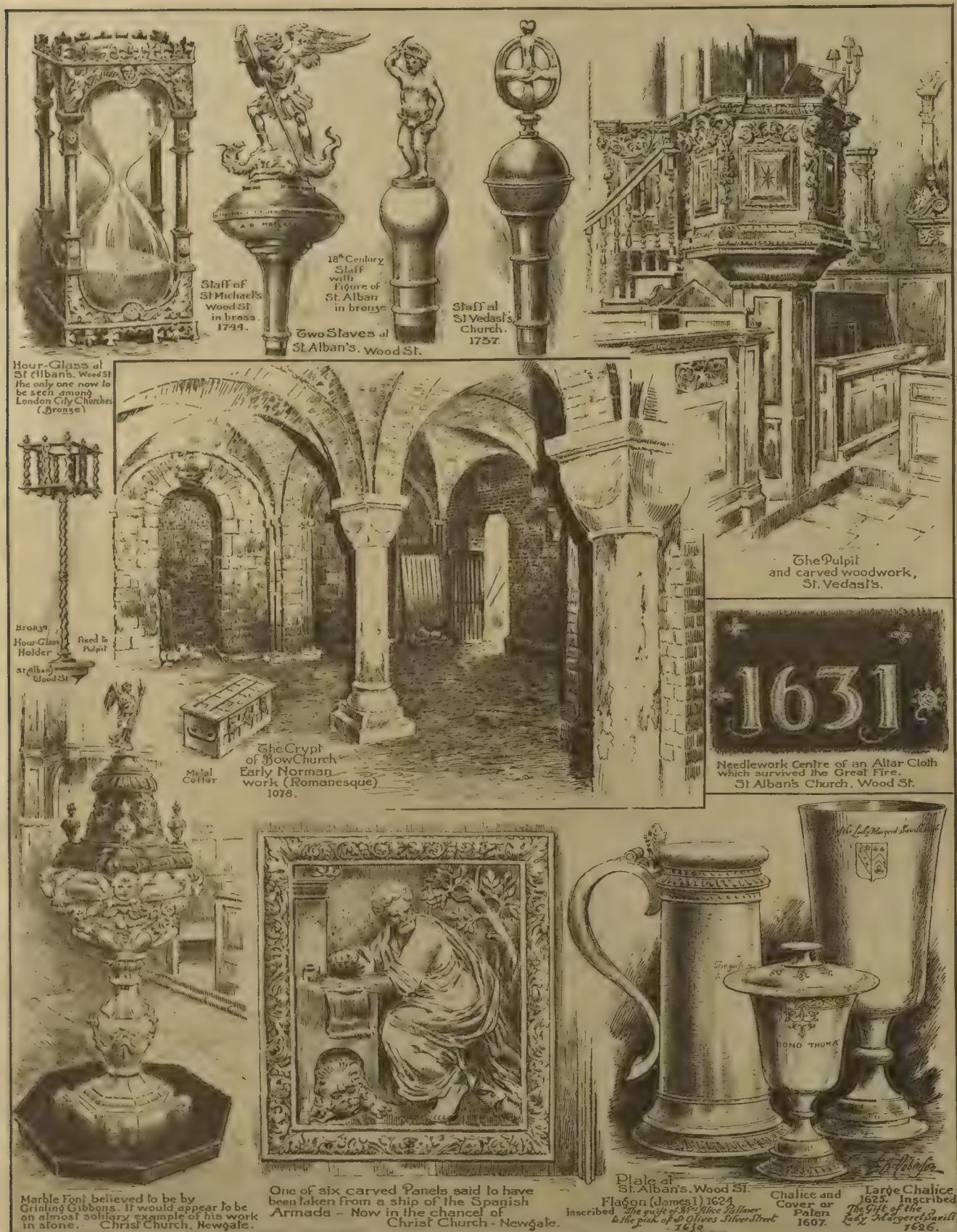
A "BLUE DEVIL" ON A WOODLAND RIDGE: A CHASSEUR ALPIN.

In peace time, the Vosges region of Eastern France is one of the most beautiful and romantic parts of the country, a region of mountain ridges, tree-covered along the sides and on the summit, with, in places, richly verdured slopes and uplands, and fascinatingly attractive valleys and fairy-haunted glens, amid which, here and there, nestle red-roofed cottages festooned in creepers and straggling Alsatian villages. In

summer and winter alike, the charm of the Vosges's picturesqueness appeals to all who care for Nature; and even in the midst of war, as at the present time, beauty-spots are to be found—fairy places such as the dainty woodland corner here seen, with, in the foreground, one of those splendidly heroic hard-fighters, the French Chasseurs Alpins, the Blue Devils.

## LONDON'S UNCLOSED "MUSEUMS": ART-TREASURES OF THE CHURCHES.

DRAWINGS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON.



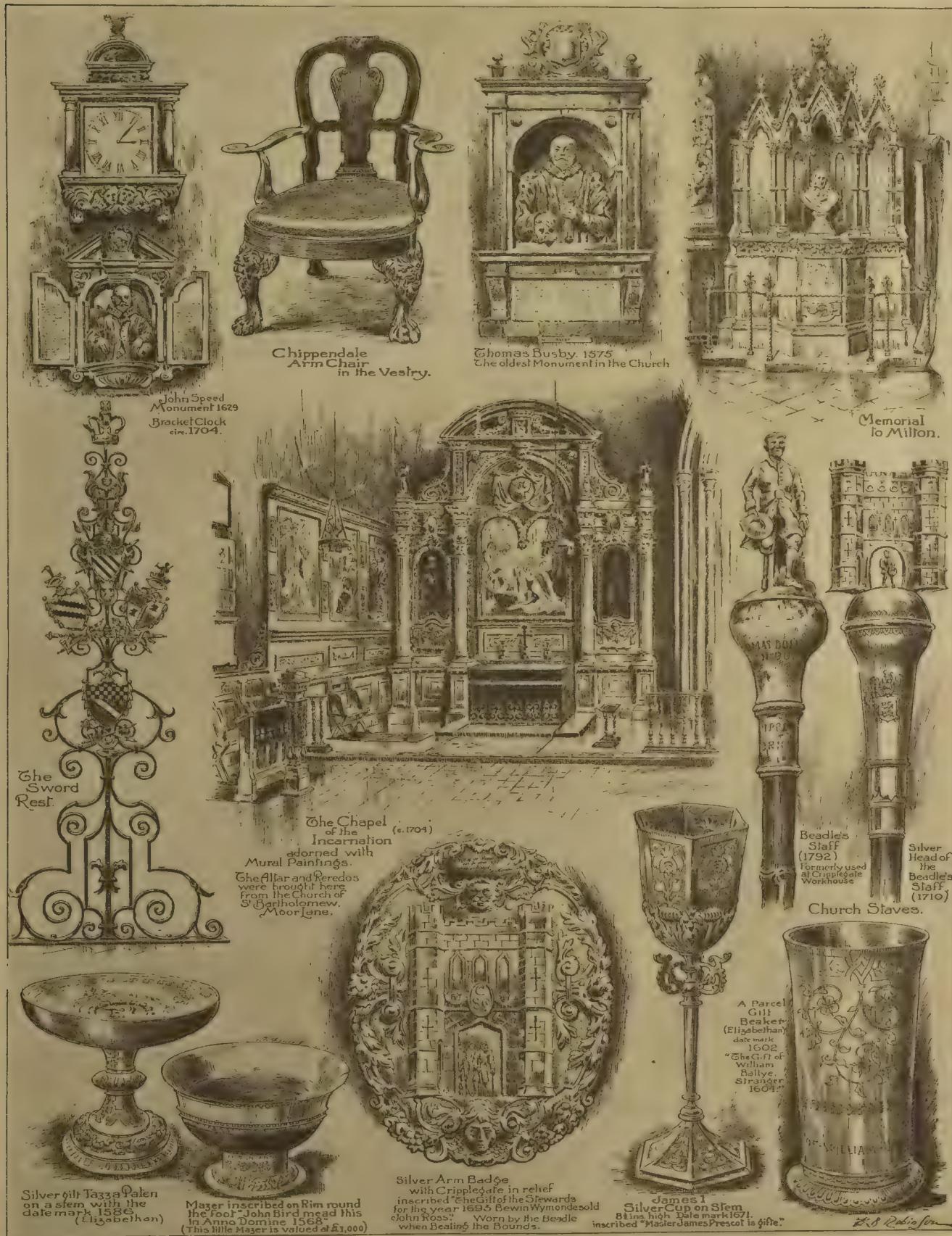
## CHURCHES AND THEIR TREASURES: I.—BOW CHURCH, CHEAPSIDE; ST. VEDAST'S, FOSTER LANE; ST. ALBAN'S, WOOD STREET; AND CHRIST CHURCH, NEWGATE STREET.

Since it was decided, in January, to close most of the London Museums, excepting the Victoria and Albert Museum, the National Gallery, and the Reading Room of the British Museum, students of antiquities and art-treasures have been excluded from much of their accustomed field of research and contemplation. It should not be forgotten, however, that London possesses in its old churches quite a large number of "museums," so to speak, which contain among them many priceless treasures of ecclesiastical art. In ordinary times these treasures are apt to be neglected, except by the better-informed

and more enterprising art-lover; yet in one respect at least their interest surpasses that of the museum exhibit, in that they still repose, for the most part, in the historic setting of the ancient buildings in which they were originally placed. We begin here a series of special drawings illustrating the art-treasures of London churches. Intending visitors would do well to make preliminary inquiries as to when the various churches are open, as during war-time changes may possibly have been made.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

## LONDON'S UNCLOSED "MUSEUMS": ART-TREASURES OF THE CHURCHES.

DRAWINGS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON.



## CHURCHES AND THEIR TREASURES: II.—ST. GILES'S, CRIPPLEGATE.

St. Giles's, Cripplegate, dates from 1392. Some portions, it is believed, escaped the Great Fire of 1666, and the building was quickly restored substantially the same as the original. It enshrines the bones of several famous men, including Milton, Frobisher, Foxe, and Speed. A stone slab to the left of the chancel steps marks the spot near which Milton's body was laid. The monument to Thomas Busby, a benefactor of the district, who was buried on July 11, 1575, has an interesting verse-inscription. He must not be confounded with Richard Busby (1606-1695), the celebrated schoolmaster. In the churchyard may be seen a bastion of the old City wall. The famous bells of

St. Giles's, a peal of twelve, play at the hours of three, six, nine, and twelve o'clock, changing the chime in rotation of seven days. Thus a rhymed description says: "Each Sunday hear the Easter hymn divine: Each Monday lo! the nation's anthem sounds: Each Tuesday greets us all with 'Auld Lang Syne,' While Wednesday with 'Hanover' resounds: Each Thursday 'Caller Herrin' frae the foam: Each Friday 'Mariners.' The time's complete When Saturday enchant's with 'Home, Sweet Home.'" The chiming-machine was set up in 1792. The present clock in the tower dates from 1722.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

BUYING EASTER PRESENTS: AN ENTENTE LEAVE-SCENE IN PARIS.

DRAWN BY J. SIMONT



ON THE SAME ERRAND: A POILU AND A BRITISH OFFICER SHOPPING FOR THEIR LOVED ONES.

The influence of war, of sharing the common danger of life at the front, of sharing, too, its heroism and its glory, draws the brave soldiers of France and England very close together, and our picture shows a French "poilu" and a British officer, on short

leave in Paris, each devoting some of his time to the pleasant and very human task of buying Easter presents. It is not hard to imagine how dearly such gifts are cherished, coming when the givers have returned to the hardships of the trenches.

Delights of Other Days: By Edmund Dulac.



THE SERENADE.

Delights of Other Days: By Edmund Dulac.



THE PROMENADE.

Delights of Other Days: By Edmund Dulac.



THE GIFT.

Delights of Other Days: By Edmund Dulac.



THE LOVE POEM.

ALL FRANCE SERVING: FIGHTERS FOR THE FREEDOM OF EUROPE.

DRAWN BY GEORGES LEROUX.



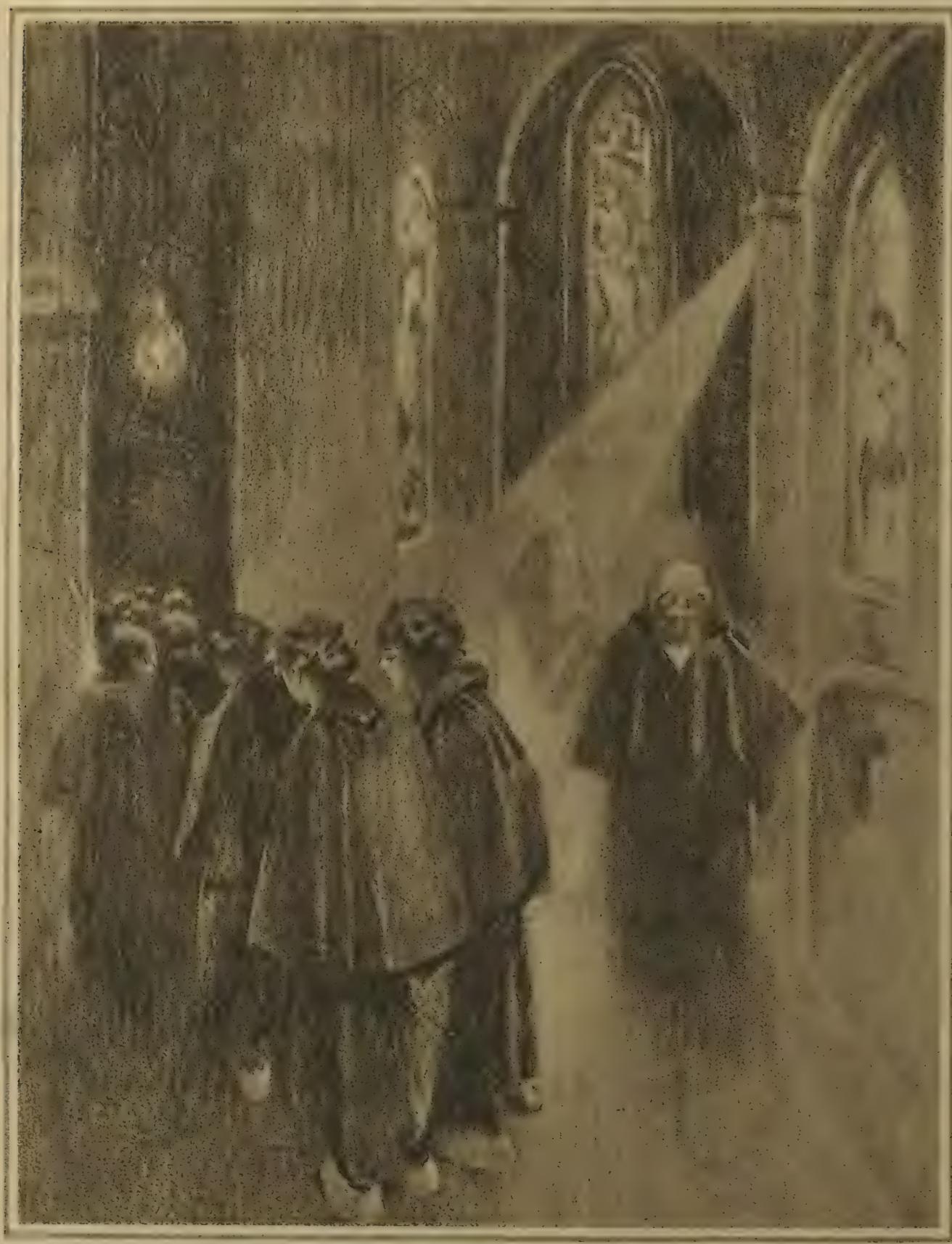
FATHER AND SON IN THE TRENCHES: A SIGNIFICANT SCENE IN THE FRENCH LINES.

Both the tragedy and the nobility of war may be read in the faces of the two men in this picture—the face of the father, stern, sad, determined, that of the man who knows, but will do his duty to the end; the face of the son with all

the wistfulness of youth, the wonder of the unknown, but a certain trust and steadfastness which say in their own way that he, too, will not shrink from duty, let the cost be what it may. The picture is an epic in paint.

## A SKETCH FROM THE FRONT: IN A LITTLE CHAPEL NEAR THE GUNS.

FACSIMILE SKETCH BY A BRITISH SOLDIER AT THE FRONT.



### PRAYERS FOR THE GALLANT LIVING AND FOR THE SOULS OF THE GLORIOUS DEAD: FRENCH PEASANT WOMEN IN A CHAPEL NEAR THE FIRING-LINE.

The whole-heartedness and earnestness with which Frenchwomen of the peasant class perform their religious duties is, perhaps, the most marked of all their characteristics. They are most devout and, unless absolutely prevented by illness or some equally compelling cause, never permit a day to pass without attending early Mass or offering up private devotions, at the village church. Throughout the war, and particularly

within the war-area, the peasant women have crowded the churches to pray for the soldiers, for both their own friends and relatives and also for the British soldiers fighting to help France, specially invoking Divine protection for the living and repose for the souls of the dead. The illustration is from a sketch by a British non-commissioned officer, and was made near the firing-line.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE EX-VOTO: GERMAN BATTLE-SPOIL OFFERED TO JOAN OF ARC.



GIVING THANKS TO THE GUARDIAN WAR-SAINT OF MODERN FRANCE: A CHASSEUR ALPIN FIXING A GERMAN RIFLE, BAYONET, AND HELMET AT THE FOOT OF A STATUE OF JOAN OF ARC IN A SHATTERED CHURCH.

The placing of votive offerings, or "ex-votos," as the term is, in churches, has become an extinct usage in England since the Reformation, but the practice is still observed on the Continent on occasion, particularly among Roman Catholics. In Italian churches one constantly sees ex-votos of all kinds hung up on the walls or under the vaulted arches of churches as commemorative offerings after recovery from serious illness, escapes from accident or deadly peril, or shipwreck, or on return from a long journey by sea. In Belgian and some of the Dutch churches,

and largely in the churches of Western France and Brittany, similar votive offerings are numerous. It was as ex-votos that, in the Middle Ages, flags and battle-trophies were hung in English cathedrals after victories, a practice which has been continued without any special religious significance in modern times. With much the same idea in his mind, the French Chasseur Alpin of the above illustration is fastening up his own personal trophies taken in battle with the enemy at the foot of a statue of the tutelary saint of his invaded native land.

## GERMANY AND AFRICA: BRASS BANDS AND ANTI-ISLAMISM.

GERMAN PHOTOGRAPHS CAPTURED IN THE CAMEROON.



SEEING TO IMPRESS THE NATIVES WITH A GERMAN BAND! THE BOMBASTIC PROGRESS OF THE EX-GOVERNOR OF THE CAMEROON ON A JOURNEY THROUGH THE BUSH.



THE GERMAN EX-GOVERNOR OF THE CAMEROON WHO ANNOUNCED TO THE NATIVES THAT "THE KAISER HAS CAPTURED GENERAL KITSCHENER" : HERR EBERMAIER (X) AND HIS SUITE.

The German treatment of the African native is a compound of bombast and insincerity, not unmixed, on occasion, with downright lying. The bombastic side is well illustrated in the upper of these two photographs, showing the pompous progress of the German Governor of Cameroon, preceded by a flag and a brass band, no doubt braying out the strains of "Deutschland über Alles." In the lower photograph is seen the ex-Governor himself, Herr Ebermaier, and his suite, now interned by the Spaniards at Fernando Po after their retreat into Spanish territory. Among other captured documents was a telegram from Herr Ebermaier to his district subordinates after the fall of Duala

to the Allies. "As this fact," he writes, "could not remain concealed from the natives . . . I authorise the district authorities to announce the news in a form suited to the circumstances of each district." The "news" of the war in Europe included the following statements: "The Kaiser . . . is bombarding the largest French city, where the Governor of the French lives. . . . The Kaiser has captured General Kitchener." The sincerity of Germany's posing as the friend of the native and the Moslem may be judged from other German official papers captured in East Africa. A circular issued by the German Governor proposed measures against the spread of Islam and, if possible, its total prohibition.

## FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, LANGFORD, LAFAYETTE, AND SWAINE.

MAJOR R. J. MUTRIE,  
Canadian Mounted Rifles. Gazetted Major  
in Canadian Imperial Force, November  
1914.MAJOR H. C. VAUGHAN HARRISON,  
R. Field Artillery. Youngest son of late  
Lieut.-Col. G. A. Harrison, Madras Staff  
Corps.BRIG.-GEN. T. A. WIGHT-BOYCOTT,  
D.S.O.,  
Warwickshire Yeomanry. Awarded D.S.O.,  
South African War; Queen's medal.MAJOR LINDSAY A. BARRETT,  
Yorkshire Regiment. Twice mentioned in  
despatches. Awarded Military Cross. Son  
of Mr. C. R. Barrett, Chester-le-Street.CAPTAIN GERALD LAMBERT,  
R. Scots Fusiliers. Son of Colonel Edgar  
Lambert, late R.A., of Harefield, Middlesex.  
Died of wounds.LIEUT.-COLONEL ALFRED RALPH  
NETHERSOLE,  
Indian Army. Awarded medal with clasp,  
Waziristan Expedition, 1901-2.MAJOR L. AYLMER HALDANE, D.S.O.,  
Northamptonshire Regiment. Awarded  
D.S.O. in January. Son of late Mr  
Alexander Haldane, Plymouth.CAPTAIN A. TEMPLE,  
Canadian Mounted Rifles. Received Cap-  
tancy in Canadian Imperial Force,  
November 1914. Died of wounds.2ND LIEUT. J. FREDERICK EGERTON,  
King's Royal Rifle Corps. Only son of  
Sir Edwin Egerton, formerly Ambassador  
at Rome, and of Lady Egerton.CAPTAIN PUREFOY GAUNTLETT  
HUDDLESTON,  
Royal Engineers. Son of Mr. T. F. C.  
Huddleston, Selwyn Gardens, Cambridge.LIEUT. M. J. VINCENT-JACKSON,  
Sherwood Foresters. Only son of Canon  
Vincent-Jackson, Rector of Bottesford,  
Leicestershire.CAPTAIN A. F. WHITESIDE,  
Canadian Infantry. Officially reported by  
the War Office as having been killed in  
action.LIEUT. A. B. IRVINE,  
Canadian Infantry. Received his com-  
mission on February 21, 1915. Died of  
wounds.2ND LIEUT. T. BURTON OGLE,  
Dorsetshire Regiment. Son of Rev. Joseph  
and Mrs. Ogle, The Manse, Charmouth,  
Dorset.2ND LIEUT. W. W. NICHOLAS,  
Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry.  
Gazetted Temporary 2nd Lieutenant, Sep-  
tember 1914. Killed in action.LIEUT. T. HATTON,  
Canadian Infantry. Received his com-  
mission in the Canadian Imperial Force  
in November 1915.2ND LT. SAMUEL FREDERIC LENNARD,  
Leicestershire Regiment. Son of the late  
Samuel Lennard, J.P., and Mrs. Lennard,  
Knighton, Leicester.2ND LIEUT. W. M. LEGG,  
King's Shropshire Light Infantry. Son of  
Mrs. Legg, Fitzwilliam Street, Belfast.  
Died of wounds.LIEUT. C. W. WALLACE,  
47th Sikhs. Youngest son of the late  
Rev. W. E. Wallace, of South Leigh,  
Oxon.LIEUT. H. FREDERICK BIRDWOOD,  
London Regiment, attached R.F.C. Was  
the fourth nephew of Sir George Birdwood  
killed in the war.

# WHERE AN ALLIED AIR-RAID WOULD BE EFFECTIVE! KRUPP GUNS TESTED AT ESSEN AND MEPPEN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOYER.



TESTING A NEW FIELD-GUN FOR HORSE ARTILLERY: TRIALS OVER ROUGH GROUND NEAR THE KRUPP WORKS AT ESSEN.



NEW KRUPP GUNS TOWED BY A LOCOMOTIVE OVER BIG STONES BESIDE THE LINE: TESTS IN THE ORDNANCE YARD AT MEPPEN.



FIELD-GUNS LEAPING OVER A SERIES OF TRANSVERSE RAILS WHILE TOWED BY A LOCOMOTIVE: A SEVERE TEST "SNAP-SHOTTED."



A SEARCHING TRIAL FOR A NEW FIELD-HOWITZER: BUMPING OVER A ROUND BEAM PLACED ACROSS THE TRACK.

As our photographs well show, the new guns made at the great Krupp works are subjected to very severe trials in order to test their solidity of construction and the ability of their carriages to withstand heavy shocks while in motion without deranging the gun-mechanism. It may be of interest to recall in this connection an account of a visit to the Krupp works at Essen paid last year by an American journalist, Mr. Gustav C. Roeder. It appeared in the New York "World." He said that extraordinary precautions were taken there against unauthorised intruders. Any hotel-keeper in the town who fails to send the police a full description of any strange visitor within twenty minutes of his arrival is deprived of his licence. After

Mr. Roeder had passed, by his introductions, innumerable detectives and sentries, he was taken to a room with pillars covered with mirrors, in which his every movement was watched while enquiries were made of Berlin by telephone to confirm his credentials. Among other things he saw "a number of monster 42-centimetre guns which were being loaded on specially constructed and most powerful steel flat cars." Everything was done for the comfort of the workers, who were well fed and received higher wages than before the war. Their number was given as 46,000 (as against 36,000 before the war). The works are protected by anti-aircraft guns, and look-out men are ever on the watch against possible attack from the air.



## HAND-LOOM DAYS

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*Continued* is admitted, she is given no credit for laying the foundations of Russian constitutional progress. Nicholas I. is pictured as a gloomy reactionary, and no word is said about his endeavours to create a school of political thought amongst his statesmen. Under Alexander I., the Imperial Council took a definite shape; and Nicholas I. developed this institution into a sort of House of Lords.

higher aspiration than that his book should be pronounced "pro-Ally" and "pro-English." He holds Prussian militarism responsible for "plunging the world into its unending bath of blood and tears," but cherishes "no scintilla of hatred or animosity toward the German people as individuals." The book is a series of pen-pictures in which we are shown, for instance, the Kaiser at Kiel, "proud

William II., standing solemn and statue-like" on the bridge of the *Hohenzollern*; and the author recalls his own reflection that "The German war-machine tightened up the last bolt when William of Hohenzollern emerged from Holtenau locks into the harbour of Kiel." Mr. Wile lays stress upon the visit of "eminent and expert 'investigators' who honoured England with their company on the very threshold of hostilities," and expresses his opinion that the Kaiser, on July 31, "was confronted with something strangely like an abrupt alternative of mobilisation or abdication." We are told that the "Grand Mogul of the German War Party, its pet, darling, and patron saint, was Crown Prince William, the Kaiser's ebullient heir," and that "for ten years he was the apple of the army's eye." Vigorous descriptions are given of Berlin's war delirium, and a pleasant picture of Mrs. Gerard, wife of the American Ambassador, and her kindly

respect. English men said to themselves, "So be it. Then they rolled up their sleeves." The volume contains a number of interesting illustrations.

For the Easter Holiday the South Coast towns, Brighton, Worthing, Seaford, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, Hastings, Littlehampton, Bognor, Southsea, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight are making special efforts to provide music and attractions suited to the circumstances of the time. Concurrently the Brighton Railway Company has made special arrangements, full details of which will be sent by the Superintendent of the Line, Brighton Railway, London Bridge, on application. Extra trains will run from London on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, April 19 to 23.

Voluntary Red Cross Motor-Ambulance Drivers and Assistant-Drivers are needed at the French front, and the Director-General, London Committee of the French Red Cross, is prepared to give interviews at the offices of the Society, 9, Knightsbridge, London, S.W. Skilled men are appointed as head-drivers, and less experienced, assistant-drivers and mechanics. Billets and rations are free, but volunteers should be prepared to supplement this by 20s or 30s. weekly.

#### ONE OF THREE MACHINES BROUGHT DOWN BY THE ITALIANS DURING A RAID NEAR VENICE: A CAPTURED AUSTRIAN SEAPLANE.

A Rome communiqué describing the raid said: "This morning (March 27) a group of hostile airmen flew over the plain between the Isonzo and the Piave. . . . The accurate salvos of our guns brought down one machine near Ajello and a seaplane in the Grado Lagoon, while a third machine was brought down by rifle-fire near the Piave Bridge."—[Photograph by C.N.]

and made it an important part of the machinery of government. In spite of these omissions, Professor Vinogradoff's work is of great interest, and deserving of careful study by all who desire to know something of the growth of constitutional government in Russia.

**Pictures of Pre-War Germany and London To-Day.** The author of this interesting and informative volume—"The Assault," by Frederic William Wile (Heinemann)—is an American journalist, and his nationality and his profession are apparent in his pages. He is an apt coiner of phrases which tell and of labels which stick. Men and events, chiefly in Berlin prior to the war, give his book topical interest of the first order, and his views upon the situation gain value inasmuch as Mr. Wile was resident in Berlin for thirteen years. During that period he met all classes of Germans, and his attitude in this regard is very fairly stated. He has no

thering of "every lachrymose American woman and child encamped on her broad marble staircase." Of our own Ambassador, Sir Edward Goschen, it is said that he was throughout "an object-lesson in *sang froid*." The latter half of the volume is devoted to the author's experiences in England, and some of his opinions and expressions are both shrewd and quaint, especially in dealing with the leading personalities of the war. A strong note is touched towards the end of the book, when the author says of the Germans: "They had served notice to Humanity that it had no laws which the German army and navy felt bound to



ARCTIC DOGS USED BY THE FRENCH IN THE VOSGES: OFFICERS INSPECTING THE ANIMALS.

Dogs are largely used by the French Army in the war. They are divided into five classes—watch-dogs, patrol-dogs, messengers, ambulance-dogs, and pack-dogs. They have proved very useful. Arctic dogs have been employed during the winter in the Vosges and Alsace.

Official French Photograph; supplied by *Newspaper Illustrations*.



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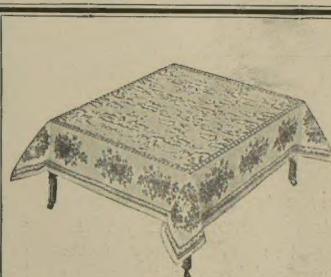
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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Automobile Major B. W. Shilson, a member of Practice. the Council of the Institution of Automobile Engineers, presented an interesting paper before that body on motor-car practice, at their recent meeting. He dealt particularly with clutches, change-speed boxes, and universal joints—all details of the chassis that have at times been a source of worry to the car-owner, as well as to the manufacturer. The former usually has to look at these units of the machine purely in regard to their proper upkeep in order that his vehicle will continue to be of service to him on the road when wanted; while the latter—the manufacturer—considers them in the light of ease in assembling and economy in production. As Major Shilson stated in his paper, the orthodox construction of the power and transmission plant consists of three components—the engine and clutch unit, the change-speed box, and the driving-axle. Yet there are many variants of this arrangement suggested either by convenience of manufacture in the machine or erecting shops, or by consideration of cost. To-day there

purely mechanical side of motoring in these columns, yet I make no apology for venturing into that field for the benefit of car-owners at the present time. Hence, although Major Shilson's paper was meant only for the automobile engineering profession, it contains many points of interest for the lay reader.

**Some Variants.** Besides the orthodox arrangement of the power and transmission plant, there are variants, the chief of which are: the clutch being made integral with the change-speed box (as in the Napier and Panhard), the clutch and gear box joined up with the engine, quoted in most catalogues as "unit construction" (as seen in the Napier, Crossley, Humberette, Morris-Oxford cars), and the change-speed box forming part of the driving-axle construction and housed in a separate compartment of the same casting (as in the case of the 20-h.p. Daimler), and sometimes attached to the axle through the medium of the torque tube (as in the Sheffield-Simplex car and the Siddeley-Deasy "Stonleigh" lorries). Besides these three distinct arrangements there is the engine, clutch, change-speed box, and driving-axle made as one unit in the form of a bogie, and the four-wheel drive construction, that so far has, in practice, been only successfully applied to heavy commercial vehicles by the Peerless, Jeffrey Quad, and several French vehicles, though first seen in this country at the Agricultural Hall Motor Show some twelve or fourteen years ago on a Dutch-made pleasure carriage-chassis.

**On Silence.** When the quiet running of the Renault drew motor-engineers' attention to this

how the chain-driven gear-box arose for the motor-bus and other such vehicles. To-day this hunt for silence has discovered that ball-bearings are responsible for a lot of noise, and it has been found that even the fluff held in suspension in the atmosphere makes a difference between a quiet and a noisy bearing. For this reason the car-builders, as a last operation, wash out the bearings in paraffin and pack them in grease in a room supplied with filtered air. In spite of this very great precaution, it is a common sight to see bearings lying unprotected on a bench with filings and chippings, and manufacturers and car-owners are then surprised if the bearings give trouble, in most cases blaming the ball-bearings maker instead of their own carelessness. Placing the change-speed mechanism on the back axle is also a method of silencing car-noises, such noise as this part of the transmission may develop being less audible to the occupants of the car than one arising from a gear-box situated under the footboards. Also the vibrations set up in such a back-axle gear-box are damped out by the road tyres and springs; whereas when the gear-box is bolted to the frame, this has a slight sounding-board effect which tends to increase the noise. A suggestion is thrown out in this paper that, though engagement by clashing the gears is quite satisfactory, it is usual for the engaging sides of the wheels to be rounded off. This appears to me to be quite wrong, since it reduces the chances of engagement, and also the effective width of the tooth. It would be preferable to back off on one side of the tooth only, that on the face towards rotation, similarly as "dogs" are backed off.—W.W.



AWARDED THE D.S.O.: LIEUT. CYRIL ALDIN SMITH, R.N.V.R.

Lieut. Cyril Aldin Smith has been appointed a Companion of the Distinguished Service Order: "For excellent work on the nights of March 13-14 and 14-15, 1916, in connection with enterprises against the enemy's trenches south of Verdon. This officer on two successive nights went forward to the enemy's wire, superintended the laying of torpedoes, and blew gaps in the enemy's wire. His conduct and gallantry were conspicuous on both occasions."

Photograph by Lambert Weston.



ON A PLEASURE TRIP TO THE PYRAMIDS: HEROES OF GALLIPOLI.

The motor-ambulances used on this occasion for giving certain of the heroes of Gallipoli a trip to the Pyramids are 16-20-h.p. Vauxhalls.

are many persons who have taken a greater interest in motor-construction because necessity has compelled them to become more familiar with the details of the car in place of leaving such matters to a paid servant. Consequently, although I do not generally dwell much on the

desirable quality in engines, and was successfully accomplished by the majority of motor manufacturers, it was discovered that various other portions of the transmission created a large amount of noise. The gears were particularly aggravating in this defect, and that is

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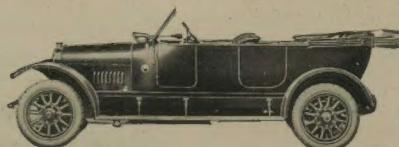


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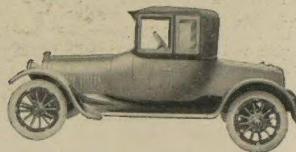
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## LADIES' PAGE.

## FASHIONS FOR MAY.

IN happier times, this is the most interesting and easiest month for writing on the fashions of dress. Now a great effort has been put forth by those whose business it is to make changes in the modes, to alter entirely the fashionable female silhouette, or "line"; and to a certain extent they have succeeded. Any woman indulging in new clothes for spring will naturally have a full skirt. Why not? It costs no more to go by this season's fashionistas than to persist in using those of two years ago. It is true, the dress tradesfolk believe that many a fairly good garment may be discarded before its time because the fashion has changed. But it must be borne in mind, before women are blamed for allowing an alteration to come about, that we do now all practically wear one style for practical uses, in the shape of a tailor-made coat and skirt, and ladies do not permit any great or striking variations to occur in the fashion of these plain, simple, and useful garments. As for the smarter frocks, those commonly called afternoon or visiting gowns, women as a whole are certainly being very careful. The stock in the large dress houses is most noticeably far less extensive and elaborate than it was wont to be in happier times; and what is shown is distinctly less expensive. There are, unfortunately, large numbers of people for whom all this spells misfortune; but, on the whole, we know it is right, while there is so much else to be done with money and time. Beyond question, economy is being followed by women.

Still, there are new modes, and Paris fashions! The most pronounced novel tendency in the Paris designs is towards hip-bunchiness or "paniers." Even in our more extravagant and thoughtless times, the average well-dressed Englishwoman often followed Paris a twelve-month behind; and for us in this particular year it may be counted upon that there will only be an indication of the panier mode, confined to a certain bunching up of the material against the hips, such as is now being arranged on many new gowns. The advance models, however, are quite puffed out at each side of the hips, while kept flattened behind and before to give width. To support them, I have seen petticoats actually wired on the hips. The inspiration is clearly taken from the days of Louis the Fifteenth; Mme. de Pompadour's portraits display the excesses to which this particular absurd distortion of the female form, caused by dress designed without any relation to the figure it covered, was carried. In its new guise, it is quaint and rather attractive.

One dinner or evening gown, the Paris model just brought over, was of black Nîmes brocaded with large clusters of flowers in bright gold, very fully bunched up and out on the hips, with the square effect above



FASHIONS IN BLOUSES.

The seated figure wears a blouse of pale-pink Nîmes with a cape of crêpe-de-Chine in the same shade; the scalloped edge being button-hole stitched with raspberry-coloured floss silk. The collars and cuffs are of picot-edged white organdy. The standing figure is seen in a blouse of white Georgette crêpe and dark-blue taffeta, with buttons of the taffeta down the front.

described, and in lifting this, was displayed an underskirt of pleated black chiffon laid over royal blue satin. This dress was made to reach about the ankles of the wearer all round; then at the back it was provided with a narrow train of the black-and-gold fabric, set in to the shoulders, pouched under a little bit just beneath at the waist-line, and caught in there, and thence it trailed away loose, a real tail, quite long and wispy, which was lined through with the royal blue satin. There were others in the same smart modiste's atelier, with the panier-effect in old-world chené silk. A charming one was of glossy chestnut-brown chené, with purple, green, and grey blurred effects, the paniered overskirt displaying small pleated insets at the foot of bright scarlet chiffon, and the corsage having a vest of pleated white chiffon set closely down with scarlet glass buttons of the most tiny dimensions possible. But these are the modes of the morrow!

For the moment, we are invited chiefly to keep to the bell-shaped skirt or long coat, with large waist (the panier of course, implies a decided waist-line), and the deep cape collar is put forward for the chief novelty. These wide collars are sometimes fitted to the shoulders and to the centre back and front of the figure below, pelerine style; but sometimes they are hanging loose over the shoulders.

Chiffon and other fragile fabrics are very much liked, and are introduced profusely into frocks nominally of taffetas and even of fine cloths. The sleeves are in this case practically always built of the transparent fabric, and young women with good arms will wear these quite unlined. To tie the fullness in at the wrists with bracelets of narrow velvet ribbon, black or coloured, and to have a similar narrow band of velvet round the throat, is very fashionable. The skirts are, perhaps, made a little longer than they were, but still are very short. Although clothes worn by smart and pretty women always seem attractive, the truth would not be in me if I said that the very short skirts in combination with excessive fulness are becoming to anybody past early girlhood. For firm materials and useful occupation, the very diminished length of skirt is sensible beyond the use and want of fashion's whims, but in diaphanous fabrics, and for obviously dressy occasions, the mode seems to me too wanting in dignity. It may be partly association of ideas. One looks for a young girl's contour and complexion, inevitably gone by thirty years old, above the very short, swirling skirt, and cannot help being unkindly struck by what one actually sees! Then there is the matter of the boots—a short skirt without almost new, immaculate foot-gear, is dreadful!

FILOMENA.

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